JDW: 9/19/75

This is a reminder for when I get back to Agent Oswald. If I use it there it will also be in a sense not in the off-the-top draft, the consequences of the prsumptions of innocence bracketed with that of guilt.

Time will pass and I forget more daily so I wanted a few suggestions on paper and filed.

I did it because I was in no mood for what will appear in the form in which I do it, the annotating of Post Mortem. Yesterday was a terrible one. It began the night before. And I'll be interrupted by having to take Lil for the week's grocery shopping when the stores open.

I think I've probably mentioned at least the CIA LSD memo. The one on assassinations should juxtapose nicely with the Church hearings' disclosures.

I amy want to refer to the refusal of anyone to consider using these memos now available more than a year and a half at least. I actually sold one to the Enquirer and got paid for it a year ago when nobody else was interested.

Any real investigation beginning with these would have led to what is now coming out, too.

The worst of the day yesterday was the insanity of Pope. All the day was wasted and when I had successfully done the unnecessary he wanted, taking his man to get special copies of the documents I'd already given them with a chain of possession in official writings. Before we left the airport we had a new unreasonable demand, an impossible one. I spoke to my friend down there and knew this was from the throne and that he was on the spot. On the drive back the reporter tried to reassure me, saying that my friend would work out some way around this. Two hours later. after more wasted work, he had. It must be an ulcer factory down there in the Pope's kingdom.

Before I could relax from all of this the phone started, all sorts of unending calls. Some for appearances I can't amke. Some just to talk about what is in my books. Some to try to get me to stay up later than necessary to do the last part of a show in a different time zone when I can just as well do the earlier part and lose less sleep. (I said, finally, my way or they can do without me, after a hald hour os this.) Then more on this miserable Policoff business and the leaking of my work. It was much, enervating and disgusting. And it just won't go away.

If I avoid as much as I can, I can't avpid all. And it does take a little time for the mind to let it go, without which other work is not at a good time.

I do hope that today is a quiet one so that I can get most of a day's work on PM.

But even this will be somewhat depressing because if I had any help at all, even a decent typist, all I plan to do another could as well or better. Lil is overloaded and can't.

It is all too frantic and for no good reason.

I think I started to work-out some subtitles along the sensible suggestion you made before and I mislaid. (There is an enormity of unused files for this book.) My mind is not suited to that now. What I think occurred to me is using your suggestion of the end of the coverup in the subtitle and carrying the commercially attractive, according to my expert on such matters, the artist, in a line accross the top. (If it had not been necessary to rush to the airport for a "Delta Dash" delivery of 20¢ worth of mail I'd have been able to see the artist. The wasted money in this! Aside from all of it down in Lantana, which must have been enormous, there is the day's pay for this reporter, 200 miles of driving for him and $25 to Delta to get the papers they already have at the Pal Beach airport two hours after the shop closes for the day. This means overtime for some employee and mileage to go pick it up. And they've agreed to pay me for my day, however they pay for that. How can can you be in order to get rich?)

Best,